Wrong End of the Barrel [Nigel/Bobby Bronson]

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by KagomeBenihime

Summary

Bobby spots a wanted criminal and decides to follow him and capture him.

Unfortunately, he does so without backup... and this criminal is prepared.

Bobby gripped his gun as he looked around the corner, he knew that guy in the blue shirt was shifty, his partner ignored him, again, so Bobby had followed him alone.

Bad idea number 1.

As he moved around the corner to peek in the window, he realized that the guy was gone, on the laptop at the desk, Bobby saw himself in a security camera feed, he hadn't checked for cameras.

Bad idea number 2

Then he saw movement behind him and the sound of a gun cocking.

"Drop it." An accented voice said softly.

Bobby silently curses himself as he places the gun down and raises his hands.

"Good choice." The voice said, before Bobby was struck on the back of the head and knocked out.

Bad idea number 3

When Bobby woke up, his arms were tied behind his back, his ankles tied, and a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth.

He groaned, the handkerchief was not clean… in fact, Bobby could almost taste the nicotine that saturated the fibers.

"Awake, are we?" Came that same accented voice.

Bobby quickly squirmed into a kneeling position, glaring at the blonde.

The man sat on a leather sofa, smoking and grinning at Bobby as if he didn't have a care in the world.

"Got to admit," he said lazily, "for a pig, you look damn good on your knees."

Bobby struggled, growling softly around the handkerchief.

The man laughed and leaned forward, blowing a lung full of smoke into Bobby's face.

Bobby tried to hold his breath, but it didn't work, inhaling some of the smoke and shaking his head slightly.

The man chuckled, "Now then, I will ask you a question, you will nod yes or shake no. Every time you lie- and I /will/ know if you do- you will be punished."

Bobby's hands clenched behind him, this wasn't good…

"Now," the man said, looking at Bobby closely, "Are you a cop?"

Bobby knew this was a trick question, the man had already called him a pig, so he nodded.

"Good." The man said, smiling, "Did you come to arrest me?"

Bobby shook his head, he technically hadn't, he thought he looked suspicious so he had followed him, but originally, no, he hadn't.

The man watched him closely for a moment before nodding slightly, "Is back up coming for you?"

Wishful thinking, after Bobby ditched his partner, no one would know where he was, no rescue was coming. Still, Bobby nodded, hoping to frighten the man into letting him go.

"Lie." The man said, then, before Bobby could even move, the man hit him with a forceful backhand, knocking Bobby down to the hardwood again.

Bobby looked up at the man as he turned to put out his cigarette, seeing the tattoo on the man's neck, his eyes widened, this was Nigel… the drug lord, Bobby had skipped his way straight into the lion's den!

Nigel looked back at Bobby, bending and grabbing Bobby by the jaw, jerking him up onto his knees again, "Is … backup… coming?" He growled.

Bobby shook his head.

Nigel smiled, loosening his grip on Bobby's jaw slightly, "Good, does anyone know where you are?"

Bobby closed his eyes and shook his head.

"Good…" Nigel said softly.

Bobby's eyes snapped open, looking up at the wanted man who smiled at him, Bobby would say hungrily, "You really got yourself in a pickle, didn't you?"

Bobby nodded, though he was pretty sure that one was rhetorical.

Nigel chuckled, "Now… what to do with this little bunny that hopped into my den…"

Bobby tried to shuffle backwards, tried to struggle and get free before Nigel killed him.

A hand on Bobby's throat shocked a cry out of him as he was lifted bodily and slammed to the floor, Nigel straddling Bobby's hips as he held the detective down by the throat.

Bobby watched Nigel's face, his eyes glinting dangerously as his hand tightened slightly.

Bobby moaned, gasping softly when he realized what he'd done.

Nigel looked surprised, but then, slowly, a grin spread across his face, "Well well… it seems this bunny likes being pushed around…" he tightened his grip again, making Bobby gasp weakly, before he ground his hips down against Bobby's growing hard on.

Bobby bit down on the handkerchief to try and muffle his noise, but then Nigel yanked it out and stood.

"I think I found a use for you after all, bunny." He said softly, reaching down and grabbing Bobby by the hair, pulling him up to his knees again with a moan.

Nigel sat, opening his pants and pulling out his hard cock.

Bobby stared, 'unholy crap! Where did he hide that thing?!'

Nigel grinned, "Alright bunny, I want you to suck me off nice, no biting, and I might let you go."

Bobby tried not to feel that hope in his chest, but it was there anyways, slowly, he shuffled forward and took as much of that huge cock into his mouth as he could fit, and started sucking.

Nigel sighed, running a hand through Bobby's hair, "That's it, bunny, doing good…"

Bobby took it slowly, trying to make him cum without hurting himself in the process.

Eventually, Nigel growled and gripped the back of Bobby's head, pushing him down as his hips bucked up, Bobby struggled to get free as Nigel fucked his throat roughly, tears pricked the corners of his eyes as his oxygen ran out.

Bobby's eyes rolled as black spots popped over his vision, he was gonna pass out if-

Nigel took pity on him, pulling back enough that Bobby could quickly gulp a breath before he returned to owning the man's throat.

Finally, after what felt like years, Nigel shoved Bobby down as far as he could and grunted, cumming down Bobby's throat in thick spurts, leaving him no choice but to swallow it.

Nigel pulled back with a sigh, "Good boy bunny." He said softly.

Bobby looked up at Nigel, wanting nothing more than to shoot that smug bastard. "You'll let me go?"

Nigel looked thoughtful before grinning, his foot slipping between Bobby's legs and rubbing his hard cock.

"I'll think about it."

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